

VOLVERAN LAS OSCURAS GOLONDRINAS

They will return
those dark swallows,
and once more build
their nests above
your window,

and again as
they flash in the
summer evening,
knock with their wings
against the glass;

but those that
paused in flight
above our heads, those
who came to pick
their straws beside
your feet — they

will not come back.

The wild roses of
the hillside will
be seen again, opening
their pale flowers
to the returning sun,
lovely as before;

but those that were
beaded with dew,
whose drops we saw
tremble and fall like
the morning's tears — they

will not come back.

Words of love may
sound again in your ears,
your heart once more
awaken as from
profoundest sleep;

but silent, absorbed,

on their knees,
as men have worshipped
God before his altar,
as I have loved you —

don't be fooled, my girl!

you won't be loved
like that again.

— after the Spanish of
Gustavo Adolfo Becquer

John Haines